

OLD LETTERS.  
A tale of a ball in its season,  
A scrap of a gown that was worn,  
A soft-lipped's new of a heartbreak,  
A lover's page, tattered and torn;  
A child's painted hand that was guided  
To trace out its first words of love;  
A message of birth and of sorrow,  
A bridal song, sealed with a dove.  
They flutter and drift from their moorings,  
Like white thoughts that quiver and shine,  
Dropped deep in the heart of forever,  
The past that was true and is mine.  
Ay, ashes of roses, I scatter  
Your memories, cover the same,  
Ay, ashes of roses, old letters,  
I lay your white bosoms in the flame,  
—Virginia Fraser Boyle, in Bookman.

# HOW DICK WON.

BY PERCIVAL RIDSDALE.

THEY had been talking about the difference between the love of man and the love of woman, and as they were all very young and more or less impressionable, the conclusions were interesting. Rawlins, who had said little and smiled benignly, asked, when the other nearly exhausted, "I never hear of Dick Pol-

... "I want to tell you," he said brokenly, "that as long as I live you will always have my love. God bless you."  
"He looked back at her as he was half-way across the room, and seeing her shoulders shake with a sob that gave no sound, stepped back quickly, and kissed her hair. She did not hear the door close, nor the firm footfalls as he passed out and down the street. When at last she walked quickly up and over her bosom, she suddenly saw herself in the mirror. Her face was pale and drawn and strange lines were about the eyes. She gazed at herself for a long time and then she sank down close to the fire, and shivering, wept."  
"Is that all the story?" asked Tom Rawlins.  
Rawlins shook the ashes from his cigar and laughed.  
"All," he said; "well, perhaps I had better finish it. The story is one that I'll call him Dick—had in one of the magazines. It was true as gospel up to the point where the girl asked him to wait five years. She did ask him, but Dick was not the kind of a fellow to wait."

He paused and puffed his cigar.  
"Then," said he, quietly, "then Dick, believing that she loved him, wrote the story and took pains to see that she read it and saw his name atached."  
"Well?" asked Tom Rawlins.  
"Oh," he said, "I am afraid to wait. I do not want to wait. I think I love you now as well as I can ever love anybody—and that is a very great deal. If I—I am a mistake."  
"I'll take the risk," said Dick.

... "I envy you," said Rawlins, smiling up at him.  
"Rawlins," said Delaney, with mock gravity, "I thought you were old enough to know better."  
"Oh, go on with the story," cried Tom Rawlins, who was feeling easier.  
"Well, Dick came close to the truth when he said that waiting would break his heart, for he gradually lost all ambition. Not a very energetic or hopeful man at any time, he grew less and less so as the days lengthened into months and Kitty kept her resolve to see him but seldom. She, with a woman's shrewdness, did not want the town people to see them together. As Dick saw less and less of her his spirits fell; he neglected his work, and, moping his days away, passed gradually out of our little circle, away from the amusements that a lot of us shared together, and in a very short time he lost all of his usual attractiveness. At the end of a year he had given up going to see Kitty, because when he had chance to go she had always arranged to have a number of young people there, and Dick, who was longing for a few words alone with her, could never get the opportunity. Then he lost his position. It was some time before he got another. He did not hold that long, and drifted and shifted about until he became positively needy!"

... "Kitty knew of it, and asked some of Dick's friends to cheer him up. Those who tried were received coolly, and to one Dick broke loose:  
"Don't you see," he cried, "that life is nothing to me? I cannot keep up. I want to be near her all the time."  
"But Kitty would not send him the words that would have made a man of him. The five years passed and on the very day that the time expired Dick received a note from Kitty, asking him to call. He went haggard with the dreary years, careless as to dress and appearance, not at all the Dick of five years ago. Dimly he saw her as she had bidden him good-by. She was not the same, perhaps a little more radiant and with a tinge of warmth in her voice that he had not known before. Her hands clung to his strangely as she welcomed him, and her eyes were dimmed with tears as she waited for him to speak.  
"It is five years ago, Dick," she said at last.  
"Five years," said Dick.  
"And—you think—you feel that you—"  
"Kitty," he said, and he took both her hands and gazed deep into her eyes, "ever since I told you so I have never ceased for as much as a moment to love you with all my heart and soul."

... "Oh, Dick," she said, "I am so glad. These were times when I doubted it; when I looked forward to this night with fear, for I—"  
"With fear, Kitty?" he asked, with a catch in his voice.  
"Yes, dear; for in the five years that have passed I have found myself, and that I can love only you. I did not know then, but it has not taken me five years to find it out."  
"Kitty, dear Kitty. Wait; I want to tell you something first—something. How I love you! But Kitty, I cannot say what I expected to say when—when this time came. How I have waited for this, how I have longed for it. At first with a longing that nearly drove me wild. I lost hope, ambition—everything except love and—  
"—oh, Kitty, I am not much of a man not to have borne the waiting and the pain, as a man should bear up under the trials of life. I am not worthy of you. You see what I am—a wreck—a pitiful wreck. Five years ago, dear, I should have been strong, had you married me. I could have won my way in the world; but, why talk of this? I am not worthy of you."  
"Dick," she cried wildly, "Dick, you do not know what you are saying; you cannot mean it. After all these years of waiting, after all these years, for me as well as you—oh, you cannot mean it." Her face was very white.  
"He put her away from him gently. "It's too late, dear," he said tenderly.

## EMPIRE UNDER THE SEA.

GREAT BRITAIN PRACTICALLY CONTROLS THE CABLES OF THE WORLD.

In Case of a Naval War Possession of the Submarine Telegraph Lines Makes Every British Battleship Worth Five Ships of an Enemy Fleet of Cables.

"THE Transvaal war," said a naval officer the other evening, "is presenting one startling object lesson which our country would do well not to overlook. It is, perhaps, rather a side-light lesson, but it is none the less impressive. Put in broad general terms, the proposition which the lesson demonstrates is that in case of war between two naval powers the one which controls a system of submarine cables with which to inform its fleets of the strength and movements of the enemy, will be mistress of the seas. There is nothing especially new in this."  
"Writers on naval matters have time and again pointed out that in the twentieth century a nation, to be a sea power, would have to control cables as well as fleets. But the Transvaal war is making this truth as obvious to the lay mind as to the professional. It has opened the eyes of the people generally in all civilized nations that England has got practically a monopoly of all the cables of the world. As I said, this fact appears in a sort of side light reflected from the very glaring fact that not a word of telegraphic news goes to or from South Africa which English authorities do not choose to let through. That has set people to thinking a little and they have discovered that what England is doing in South Africa she could do nearly all over the entire globe if she felt so disposed."

"There is already a lively discussion of the matter in Europe, particularly in France, and it ought to move our own people and Government to lose not a moment in getting our own distant dependencies from Puerto Rico to Hawaii and the Philippines strung together on electric wires all our own, which we alone would control. The French are genuinely alarmed on the subject. The impression prevails among them that war with England is rather more than one of the remote possibilities of the future. They know, of course, that it would be very largely a naval war and that it would be fought all over the world, from the French possessions in China, Siam and Africa to the French possessions in the West Indies. And from all these possessions, save from the insignificant ones in the West Indies, England could instantly cut off all telegraphic communication with the outside world. France's fleets would move as completely in the dark as though the age of electric cables had not come. England would know just where they were going and what they would find when they got there. Our own war with Spain and our efforts to cut Cuba off from communication with the world set the French thinking and writing on the subject. The startling Transvaal object lesson has revived the discussion and given it a tone of earnestness which ought to produce results."

"Only a few days ago, M. Depelle, an authority on the subject, presented France's helpless position in this respect so clearly and convincingly that his article, published in one of the leading French periodicals, has produced a profound impression.  
"If you will study a cable map of the world a little, you will see what a tremendous power—for control of communication is power and a very high order of power—England has quietly built in the forty-two years since the first cable message was sent by the President of the United States to Queen Victoria. From that day until this, silently and ceaselessly, England has built up a system of submarine cables which to-day covers the entire world and holds it fast in a sort of immense spider's web, of which London is the centre. You will notice in studying the map that this marvelous system divides itself into three great branches, each of which has its subdivisions. For instance, a trunk of no less than ten cables connects Great Britain with this country and the British possessions on the north. From this diverge various wires, as to Bermuda and the West Indies.  
"From London, by way of Spain and Portugal, three more lines stretch to Brazil and spread out through the West Indies and to Central America on the north, and down the coast to Montevideo on the south. From Montevideo, across the South American continent, there is an English land line to Valparaiso. From Valparaiso northward there is a double line, touching at all the principal points on the South American Pacific coast up to Tehuantepec, from which there is a land line to Vera Cruz and Tampico, whence cables go across the Gulf of Mexico to Galveston.  
"So in that vast mesh of the spider's web all North and South America with their adjacent islands are held."

... "From England toward the Mediterranean, Africa and the Orient four cables are stretched. They touch at Gibraltar, Malta and Egypt, and thence pass down the Red Sea to Aden. Aden is a great electric nerve centre and distributing point which to-day is of much interest, for through the office there filters all the news England allows to be known about the military operations in South Africa. The African filament thrown out from Aden touches Zanzibar, Mozambique, Delagoa Bay, Natal and Cape of Good Hope. Up the west African coast creeps another line—not in service just now—touching twelve coast towns, the last one being St. Louis, until it lands at last at Cadiz, Spain. Thus you see the entire African continent, with all adjacent islands of any consequence, is caught and held fast in England's electric lasso."  
"Three cables reach from Aden to Bombay, and thence the meshes spread in all directions to China, Japan, our Philippines, Australia and New Zealand. And over all this vast region England has no opposition that can be called such. A couple of French lines to this country and down through the West Indies by way of Hayti to the east South American

... "There are many ways of making money out of a claim than panning it out," said an Alaska miner who had some luck with his pick and shovel.  
"For instance, I knew a man of means in the Dawson district who had a claim which had failed to be as profitable as expected, and he didn't know just what to do with it to get his money back, until he had devoted considerable thought to it. And it was simple enough when he knew how. He quietly went to the gold commissioner and announced that he wished to pay his ten per cent. royalty on the product of his claim for a year, which was \$60,000. The commissioner accepted the \$60,000 royalty and gave him the usual receipt, stating on its face what it was for, with the number of his claim, location, etc. Then he waited patiently about, like Mary's little lamb, and one day, in the course of human events, an Englishman came along looking for a good thing for some people who had money to spend. He asked Mr. Blank, among others, what he had to sell, and the smooth gent told him he didn't know exactly, but he would show him his goods. They looked over several claims that were practically unworked, and then in a casual way Mr. Blank showed the Englishman his receipt for royalty on claim so and so. "And, you know," he said, with a wink, "that a man isn't paying royalty on any more than he can possibly help."  
"The Englishman was right on to that little game, of course, and he sized up the \$60,000 receipt, looked over the claim in a general way and sized by buying it for \$150,000."  
—Washington Star.

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## LUCKY COUNTRY EDITORS.

Why They Are the Happiest People in All Newspapers.

If I were to be asked who ought to be the happiest man in newspaperdom, I would answer, without hesitation, the man who runs a good country paper in a live town.  
In the first place the man who runs a country paper is a power where it is published. All connected with it are known and their work is appreciated by the community among whom they move. Unlike the man who writes editorials on the big city dailies the editorial writer on the country journal can stamp his individuality on his page. Even though he does not sign it every subscriber knows that it is his. He is a power in local politics and no mean factor in State politics either. If there be a hot campaign who is so welcome on the stump as the editor of the country paper? To him comes all the plume of advertising. To him comes also the grand sense of individuality. He is not lost in the paper for he is the paper. Every day is brought to him the truth of the saying that it is better to be first in the poorest Iberian village than to be second in Rome.  
How different his lot from the newspaper worker in the big cities. The editor of the city paper walks around the streets and hears his work praised and blamed in public places, yet he cannot claim it when praised or disavow it when discredited. In these days he is simply nobody. The paper is everything.  
His profession to the city journalist has but little of a future to promise. He is in his decline at the time when men in every other walk of life are at their prime. The highest prize he can attain by hard and earnest work would be laughed at by any successful business man in the community in which he works. He commences his career, if a clever fellow, by making so much money that he is envied of all his young friends, and he often ends it with occupying one of the hospital beds of the Press Club and by being buried at its expense. If the city journalist presumes to make himself prominent in politics or in any other sphere he will soon find out that he is not indispensable.  
How different it is with the man who has a good, sound country newspaper. He is the center around which a little world revolves. He can run for office, if he wants to, and there is none to say him nay. He has friends in the community, and with his paper at his back he has a good slow for anything he may reach after.  
And there is money in the well-conducted country journal. The men who run country papers at the close of the century are not advertising their poverty, as was the custom at its commencement and well into the seventies, for the simple reason that in these days it would be only an affectation and a foolish one at that.  
—The Journalist.

... "The Englishman was right on to that little game, of course, and he sized up the \$60,000 receipt, looked over the claim in a general way and sized by buying it for \$150,000."  
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## First Come, First Served.

Don't say that you couldn't get the valuable presents offered with "Red Cross" and "Hubinger's Best" laundry starch; your grocer has them for you; ask him for a coupon book, which will enable you to get one large 10c. package of "Red Cross" starch, one large 10c. package of "Hubinger's Best" starch, with the premiums, two beautiful Shinkapaul panels, printed in twelve beautiful colors, or one Treadwell Century Girl calendar, all for 5c.

Sailors' trousers, or "trombone pants," as they have sometimes been called, expand in bell-shape at the bottom so as to be the more easily kicked off in case of the wearer's falling into the water.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.  
Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic, clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Governor Nash, of Ohio, is an authority on the history of that State, which he has made a lifelong study.

## "A Thread Every Day Makes a Skin in a Year."

One small disease germ carried by the blood through the system will convert a healthy human body to a condition of invalidism. Do not wait until you are bed-ridden. Keep your blood pure and life-giving all the time. Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes this as nothing else can.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

When It Was Dark.  
The Cleveland Plain Dealer says an educated colored man addressed the students of Adelbert college the other day. He told about his experience in his chosen profession, that of a lawyer, asserting that on but one occasion had he ever met with discourtesy at the hands of white men during his legal experience in his native state, Virginia. This happened in a backwoods hamlet, where the general ignorance of the inhabitants was "some excuse for their boorishness. In the course of his remarks he perpetrated an unconscious bit of humor that brought a smile to the students' faces and drew a laugh from the speaker himself as soon as he realized the suggestion in his statement. "I started out in my profession with some gloomy anticipations," he said. "When I reached Alexandria, where there were 7,000 colored people, everything looked dark." It was at this point that the smile ran around.

Making Her Happy.  
Sunday-School Teacher—Have you made anyone happy this week? Little Girl—Yes'm. Mrs. Highupp has a baby, and it's a awful squally, red-faced little brat; but, we'n I met Mrs. Highupp yesterday, I told her she had the sweetest, prettiest baby I ever saw.

# A Million Women

have been relieved of female troubles by Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine.

The letters of a few are printed regularly in this paper.

If any one doubts the efficiency and saoredly confidential character of Mrs. Pinkham's methods, write for a book she has recently published which contains letters from the mayor of Lynn, the postmaster, and others of her city who have made careful investigation, and who verify all of Mrs. Pinkham's statements and claims.

The Pinkham claims are sweeping. Investigate them.

## THIRTY YEARS OF CURES

# PIMPLES

"My wife had pimples on her face, but she has been taking CASCARETS and they have all disappeared. I had been troubled with constipation for some time, but after taking the first Cascarets I have had no trouble with this ailment. We cannot speak too highly of Cascarets."  
—FRED WATKINS,  
509 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.



Picture, Pleasant Tastes, Good. Do not buy cheap imitations. I had been troubled with constipation for some time, but after taking the first Cascarets I have had no trouble with this ailment. We cannot speak too highly of Cascarets."  
—FRED WATKINS,  
509 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

## NO-TO-BAC

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 & 3.50 SHOES UNION MADE

Worth \$4 to \$6 compared with other makes. Endorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers. The genuine have W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom. Take no substitutes claimed to be as good. Your dealer should keep them—if not, we will send a pair on receipt of price and postage. Extra for carriage. State kind of leather, size, and width, plain or cap toe, last, etc. Free. W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.